SIX MONTHS

March—August

1914

CLARE BENEDICT


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HAVING been travellers—not to say explorers—all our lives, my mother and I decided to visit Dalmatia, Montenegro and Bosnia during the months of March and April. We were—as was our custom at that season—passing a few weeks in Venice before proceeding northward. We occupied a splendid fourth-floor room at the Hotel de l'Europe—the very room in which Verdi conceived and wrote the fourth act of Rigoletto. The sight of the raging sea in the basin of St. Mark is said to have inspired the Italian composer, just as the calmer aspects of the same incomparable scene must have aided, if not inspired, the great German to write the unsurpassed love music of Tristan and Isolde in a second-floor apartment of this same hotel.

We, too, witnessed a storm from Verdi's windows, which command an uninterrupted prospect extending from the Public Gardens to the Salute. During the storm, which lasted for three days, we sat in our wonderful sky parlour and read *The Count of Monte-Cristo,* talking betweenwhiles of Dalmatia and planning for it with our good friends, Cook and Son. Finally, in spite of considerable discouragement, great difficulties and some misgivings, we embarked on the tour which was to begin at Venice and end at Vienna.

and to include glimpses of Istria, Dalmatia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Hungary.

Venice, which had been adorable in December and quite possible in the Carnival, was now reassuming her tourist guise and was fast becoming unrecognizable; we were glad to leave her in the hope of finding her again in Dalmatia.

Our first day's journey was uneventful as was our night at Trieste. We recalled a former stop there years before when we had been fascinated to watch the strange foreign craft loading and unloading in front of our windows, a long, narrow board invariably serving as gangway, up and down which sailors, merchants and dogs continually passed and repassed. Today, things are less picturesque, though the harbour with its encircling heights is always impressive.

The journey to Pola was extremely striking, the railway line traversed a bleak Karst region, the inhabitants of which look almost as wild as their own fantastic rocks. At one station we saw some young men under arrest. "Notorious bandits" our guard informed us. This was our first taste of what was to come.

At Pola we revelled in the great Roman remains—the Arena, the various gates, the beautiful Temple of Augustus; we admired also the fine modern Austrian naval station; the monument to the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico had a pathetic interest of its own.

An Austrian Lloyd steamer carried us from Pola to Cattaro, the southernmost point of our sea journey—a wonderful trip, which ought to have been all accomplished by daylight, though the moon made the evening quite magical. We stayed on deck until past midnight, watching the steamer thread her way carefully through the narrow channel, between fairy-like islands and dim, exquisite coast—it was a dream of enchantment.

In the morning, we noticed in the bow of the boat a motley crowd of passengers, who must have joined the ship during the night. Some were Montenegrins in national dress, others were Albanians and Dalmatians, likewise gayly attired, and all wearing the characteristic caps of their respective countries. We made several stops, delivering immense numbers of parcels—boatloads full of what seemed to be small paper packages. Sometimes the steamer would go up to the dock, sometimes small boats would be sent out—and everywhere there was the same brilliancy of colour, everywhere the same incredible wealth of racial types and national costumes.

When we entered the double-starred Bocche di Cattaro, the climax of our voyage was undoubtedly reached. Our sail through the three magnificent basins of the bay was one long vision of beauty, which could scarcely be equalled even in Norway.

On reaching Cattaro, we found our carriage

waiting for us, and after a hurried luncheon at the quaint little hotel Stadt Gratz, we proceeded at once up the endless zigzags of the famous military road to Cetinje.

This drive, which is one of the finest—if not the finest—mountain drive in Europe, excited in us continual, delighted wonder—this was really worth while, worth all the hardships that we might have to endure. For the first third of the way, we could see the exquisite bay of Cattaro, further and further beneath us, like a Norwegian fjord in miniature. When we passed the last Austrian fort, the officers came out and saluted us courteously. For an instant we felt like turning back, it seemed as if we were bidding farewell to civilization.

The road became rougher, the rocks more bleak, the landscape, utterly barren and tragically unfriendly. There was no vegetation anywhere—nothing but grey rocks rising up on all sides in apparent inaccessibility. Strange figures suddenly appeared from foot-paths or rather trails—they were all going in our direction—we learned afterward that they were bound for Cetinje to attend the weekly market there on the following morning. The men were tall and splendidly proportioned, the young women were extraordinarily handsome; both men and women, indeed, had the loveliest eyes and the sweetest mouths—anglic

faces, which did not at all harmonize with their surroundings. Every one wore the picturesque national dress, and this, doubtless, heightened their good looks; still, for sheer beauty the Montenegrins can scarcely be matched, in our opinion.

At the boundary between Austria and Montenegro or rather at some little distance beyond it, we made a pause to rest the horses. As I have said, my mother and I had been for years inveterate wanderers, and in the course of our wanderings we had seen many strange hostelries, but never had we seen a stranger one than that of Njegus! We entered the small refreshment room and ordered coffee of the landlord, who, like all his countrymen, had the countenance of an angel. Presently, we became aware that a dark man carrying a gun and dressed in what looked like skins, was observing us attentively from across the little room.

I went out on the steps in order to see what I could of the locality, whereupon the dark man, who must have followed me, suddenly accosted me from behind in broken German. I soon discovered that he was King Nikita's customhouse officer. He asked me if we were English and upon my assenting—for I knew that all English-speaking peoples would be one to him—he made me an elaborate bow, remarking that all English travellers were welcome to Montenegro, nor did he so

much as glance at our small luggage, which was carefully packed in our carriage. As long as I live, I shall never forget that dark official or the angelic-faced landlord in that rockbound frontier hamlet!

When we resumed our journey, it was nearly half past four and we had another mountain to cross before reaching Cetinje, which lies in an elevated valley. Trusting that darkness would not fall until the ascent, at least, had been accomplished, we urged our driver to make haste. This individual was a young man of charming appearance, who spoke a little Italian and (we suspected) German as well, but he preferred Croatian, which was awkward for us; nevertheless, we managed with the help of gestures to make ourselves fairly well understood.

This last part of the drive was intensely wild and interesting; in the hollows of what looked like craters of extinct volcanoes, we saw round patches of cultivation; except for these the region was one mass of grey rocks, as the shadows deepened, however, they soon appeared quite black.

We thought involuntarily of ancient tales of robber bands and wondered that we had had the courage to enter the fierce little kingdom, a land whose war records exceed all others in glory, according to Mr. Gladstone, and now, for the first time, do we understand his meaning. The odds

against which Montenegro has had to fight are so extremely heavy—a cruel climate, a sterile soil, poverty-stricken inhabitants—that her success in maintaining independence first against Turkey and afterwards against Servia and Austria, is indeed remarkable, not to say admirable. On the other hand, we had heard recently from excellent English authority that all Montenegrins were thieves and scoundrels!

At the crest of the mountain which divides this border country from the valley of Cetinje, we beheld all at once a blaze of light far beneath us. In answer to our surprised exclamation, our driver informed us proudly that the King had had electric light installed in his capital. The incongruity was both disappointing and reassuring; we descended the uneven road with disquieting rapidity and entered the town just as darkness fell completely.

The hotel, which had evidently seen better days, was now extremely decrepit, to say the least; for instance, a mouse met us on the front stairs and the stove pipe in our bedroom promptly fell out, while the welcoming fire was burning merrily! The Swiss landlord was most attentive, however, and the food was not bad; moreover the company was both striking and varied.

When we entered the shabby dining-room that night, we saw three large tables, two of which

were empty, but upon our attempting to seat ourselves at one of them, we were informed by the imposing native headwaiter, who resembled a dignified, retired general, that those two tables were reserved for the diplomats and the high military authorities. We therefore took our places at the third table, where we found a cosmopolitan company already assembled. There were English people, Americans, Germans, Austrians, Swiss and Italians, as well as a large party of Montenegrin men with one beautiful young woman, about whom we could learn nothing definite. Presently, the diplomats made their appearance, rather a rough set, we thought, of whom the Russian—a prince—seemed to be decidedly the chief. He ordered every one about with great assurance, which, at breakfast next morning became undisguised arrogance. We learned subsequently that it was very difficult to induce any one to accept the Cetinje post. No married diplomat ever remained longer than a few months, as the harsh climate, the remote situation, the lack of society, not to mention the insecurity, always frightened away the ladies, so that bachelors only were now accredited to the court of King Nikita.

Looking out of our windows that evening, we noticed many young men patrolling the broad, straight street, two and two, seemingly engaged in earnest talk. This walk continued with almost

uncanny regularity, it was not a march and yet it suggested organized action.

Next morning, having feasted our eyes upon the wonderful market, both the buyers and sellers of which might have stepped out of *The Arabian Nights,* we strolled towards the palace, as we had a keen desire to see the King, who was that morning holding a parliament, and who, a polite Austrian informed us, would soon return to his palace. Accordingly, we were not surprised, when the picturesque procession passed slowly in front of us, the King, in his small pony cart, his high officials walking respectfully behind. All wore the national dress, the sovereign himself had on a particularly splendid costume of sky-blue satin, elaborately embroidered. In spite of his age and infirmities, King Nikita looked strong and virile; in his prime, he must have been a fine specimen of his race.

That afternoon, we drove down to Rjeka in order to see the lake of Scutari at closer range; we saw, besides, a unique village, more Turkish than anything that we had yet seen, with overhanging wooden upper stories to the houses and strange little cafés where nothing could be had but Turkish coffee. Here, no one spoke anything but Croatian or Arabic; this was decidedly the most remote point of our whole tour.

While our horses were resting, we walked to the

southern edge of the village, where we discovered the King's winter palace—a good-sized country house, built against the hillside. The only thing remarkable about it was the presence on the roof of a large sentry box, in which a soldier stood, scanning the road to Scutari with intent eyes.

The atmosphere, in truth, was charged with electricity, fire seemed to smoulder everywhere—beneath rocks, behind walls, in men's breasts, no one could tell when the flames would burst forth. Extreme tension was apparent even to the stranger.

Our furtive landlord had whispered to us of impending conflicts as well as of those that were past; he himself had seen the fighting at Scutari. "War is terrible," he had murmured shudderingly. The land, he said, was keen for combat, for conquest—with nothing to lose and all to gain. It would be practically impossible for an enemy to invade the rocky fastnesses, whereas from Lovcen, the sacred mountain, the Montenegrins might harass the Austrians fearfully and perhaps recover the seacoast.

Other tales he whispered of internal discords—of Prince Mirko, the family black sheep, of the wealthy German Crown Princess Militza, who unfortunately had no children, of the old King, who had worked untiringly for his people.

On our return drive to Cetinje, we passed a

number of vehicles carrying well-to-do Turks to Scutari; we saw also many Albanians, mostly on foot and clad in the peculiar dress of their tribe. We had already learned how to distinguish these two peoples.

That night we listened to further whispered confidences of our landlord, who seemed to live in fear of his life and who evidently had no opinion of the Montenegrins. On our repeating to him Mr. Gladstone's famous dictum, he merely gave us a look, which, however, spoke volumes.

Altogether, we were thankful to be safely across the border, although the experience had been a memorable one in many ways. As we descended the wonderful military road and saw beneath us once again the fairy-like Bocche di Cattaro, we reflected with sadness that this perfect paradise might soon become a scene of carnage, for our observations added to what we had heard, convinced us that Montenegro was ready and eager to fight—regardless of methods, regardless of chances, regardless of anything except her own primitive instinct for combat. In earlier days, Turkey had been the hated foe, now it was Austria; truly, the Middle Ages still survive in the Balkans!

At the Hotel Stadt Gratz at Cattaro, in spite of some drawbacks, we found a haven of rest after the uncertainties of our recent expedition. The

landlord, a Styrian by birth, with gentle manners, did his best for our comfort, as did his excellent boy headwaiter. When we left we said a word of praise to the proprietor about this same young waiter, whereupon the latter burst into suppressed though delighted laughter. We realized in a flash that the two young men were brothers, Adolfo, the elder, assuming the management of the little hostlery, while the younger, a lad of seventeen, undertook all the duties of the dining-room.

Our stay at Ragusa was so commonplace and disappointing that I will not write a word about it except to say that the place itself is quite delightful. It has been so fatally spoiled, however, by tourists and tourists' ways that the charm of the historic old town has been considerably dimmed, though as a picture it is still supremely beautiful.

Our next important adventure was our dash into Herzegovina and Bosnia, which we undertook with some misgivings, but we were determined to carry out our itinerary.

The railway to Sarajevo crosses the whole of Herzegovina and part of Bosnia and shows one a country every rod of which is full of unique beauty. It is the East, with her eternal mysteries and minarets, her veiled women and sad, bearded men. All day we watched the scene with fascinated eyes; it reminded us of a kaleidoscope of vivid pictures, only in this instance the pictures were living. We

saw Roman camps and rushing rivers, walled towns and Turkish bridges, grand defiles and lofty mountains, and everywhere the strange exotic inhabitants even more wild and medieval than those that we had lately seen in Montenegro.

We reached Sarajevo after dark, thus missing the first impression of the place. A long drive over the roughest of roads brought us to our hotel, which was large and surprisingly up-to-date. There was something sinister about it, nevertheless, and we both felt a strong desire not to linger there; in fact, it required all our nerve to stay even one night. We could not explain this feeling at the time, afterwards we realized that it had been a subtle though certain premonition of hidden peril.

We fell asleep from exhaustion rather than from any sense of security and awoke next morning to find the proprietor, a secretive-looking Servian, at our door with a summons from the police that we should immediately present ourselves and our papers of legitimation at the Town Hall. In spite of ourselves, we were alarmed by this message and upon my questioning the proprietor as to its meaning, he replied that it would probably be nothing serious. His manner, however, was anything but reassuring, moreover, he seemed thoroughly to enjoy our perturbation.

We had hired a Moslem guide for the day and

accompanied by him, we betook ourselves to the police headquarters. This Moslem guide inspired in us instinctive confidence; he was an old man with sad eyes and courteous manners; in a land of fatally mixed religions, the Mohammedan seemed on the whole the safest companion.

When we entered the fine new Town Hall, from which twelve weeks later the Archduke and his wife went forth to meet their death, we were civilly received by the authorities, several of whom proved to be from Vienna. After glancing at our letters of credit and inquiring how long we intended to remain in the town, they dismissed us smilingly. Their familiar Viennese dialect emboldened me to ask why we had been summoned, as such a thing had never happened to us before in Europe. They replied that Sarajevo being a fortified town, they must be constantly on their guard against spies. This reply increased our desire to be gone. We resolved to see the sights as thoroughly as possible and then to leave on the following morning.

Our old guide conducted us first to the chief mosque, where, seated in the spacious court, we heard once more from the minaret the call to prayer—always impressive in itself as in its effect—the faithful preparing themselves for worship by careful ablutions in the holy fountain, with calm indifference to the curiosity of the onlooker.

Next, we visited the old Servian church, a veritable treasure house of antiquity and mellow colour. Here, too, we were struck by the absence of self-consciousness on the part of the worshippers, who seemed completely absorbed in adoration of their various icons. The little church, which is slightly sunken, is surrounded by a high wall, for in earlier times it was not safe to hold Christian services in Sarajevo. Today, the town possesses a large Catholic cathedral, a huge Lutheran temple, a flourishing Jewish synagogue, several Servian churches, besides the ninety mosques. As we surveyed these widely-divergent places of worship, we wondered involuntarily whether tolerance would be engendered by them or deadly discord?

In the afternoon we drove to the tobacco factory, the carpet factory and that of the metal workers, all institutions founded and fostered by the Austrian government, in order to encourage native talent and to give employment to many hundreds.

Lastly, our guide took us to the handsome new museum, but instead of entering it, we paused just outside, attracted by a spectacle in the adjoining parade ground. The Austrian cavalry was drawn up to await the arrival of the commander-in-chief, at his appearance, the band played the noble national anthem. All hands saluted, all faces bright-

ened, even the spirited horses seemed to stiffen with pride at the sound of the beloved strains. Immediately afterwards the Bosnian hymn was played.

The old Moslem at our side looked on in unimpassioned contemplation, fatalism was stamped plainly on his countenance. The rough Servian official ordered us off the grass in Croatian, this was repeated to our guide in Arabic, who told it to me in German and I translated his words into English. Later, at Spalato we went through this circumlocution of language as a matter of course!

At the close of the day, we parted regretfully with our well-mannered guide, and ventured out alone in the immediate vicinity of our hotel. We were anxious among other things to procure a Croatian translation of one of my great-great uncle—Fenimore Cooper's—tales for our collection. In every shop, however, we were met by blank looks and absolute denials. No matter what we asked for, we were informed that it was not to be had, though in several cases we had actually seen the desired objects in the show windows. Very much perplexed, we retreated to our hotel by way of the fine new quay—that same quay which twelve weeks later became the so-called "street of bomb throwers."

We could not explain the singular behaviour of the shop people, we did not know until after-

wards that they were Servians and that they had undoubtedly taken us for Austrians and hence had treated us with scarcely-veiled hostility, for was not the long-planned Slavonic rising close at hand, that onrush of the united Slavic nations which was to overwhelm and crush the cultured German element in Austria, and which, supported by Russia was to place the Slavs at length in a position of supremacy? Many whispers of this plot had reached us during our tour, the general opinion was that the attempt would be successful owing to careful organization and also to the fierce fanaticism of the Slavonic races. It would be like a second invasion of the Huns, from which all civilization would suffer more or less severely.

We reached our hotel much depressed and ill at ease, we longed to leave the sullen city. We entered the dining-room, which was crowded with light-hearted Austrians, for the most part officers and their wives, taking their supper at the best restaurant that the town afforded. We surveyed the scene with curious eyes, these people seemed quite happy and unconcerned, one might have fancied oneself at some suburban resort near Vienna, so gay was the chatter, so thoroughly amiable the company. Nothing suggested Sarajevo except the large coloured wall paintings, representing local scenes of an Oriental character. Twelve weeks later, after the murder of the Arch-

duke, this same restaurant was practically demolished by the mob, the furniture and expensive fittings were torn out and flung into the street, the windows were broken, the proprietor dared not so much as show himself, the rage of the people against the Servians was so great.

As we travelled back to Ragusa the next day, across the wonderful country that we had already traversed once, the presentiment of evil to come was strong within us, likewise the conviction that Bosnia would never repay Austria for all the money and pains that had been expended on the sinister little province, that, on the contrary, she would do her utmost to destroy her hated benefactress.

We gazed at the wonderful scenes with eager eyes, for we knew that we should never see them again, once out of Bosnia, we did not intend to re-enter it—the sense of personal danger, of organized treachery was so intense. When we emerged from the narrow defile of the Narenta—a defile that can scarcely be matched in Europe for grandeur—we drew a long breath of relief, it was as if we had escaped from a death trap.

After another short stay at Ragusa, during which we took several charming excursions, we went by boat to Spalato, arriving there about midnight on a very wet evening. There was but one available conveyance for travellers, a kind of

omnibus into which we all clambered, leaving our hand luggage in the clutches of wild-looking porters, who restored it to us—half soaked—after it had been examined at the custom house. When we inquired the reason, as we had not come from a foreign country, they pulled long faces, and muttered, "Spies—many smugglers."

We went to bed, thoroughly tired and rather dejected, for Spalato's welcome had been almost as inhospitable as that of Sarajevo.

Next morning, however, we forgot our misgivings, when accompanied by a talkative Italian guide, we made our way to Diocletian's marvellous palace—a whole town in itself. It seemed to us quite one of the wonders of the world, absolutely unique and stupendous even in its decay; we classed it with the drive to Cetinje, and the heavenly sail by moonlight among the Dalmatian islands. How much greater are the Roman buildings in the provinces than the structures still standing in the Eternal City itself. Compare for instance the Pont du Gard near Nîmes, the Theatre at Orange, the Arena at Pola, the Palace of Diocletian, with the Roman Baths, the Palace of the Caesars and even the Forum. The Colisseum and Pantheon, to be sure, can hold their own against all rivals, though these, too, are sadly marred by their environment.

Fascinated by the multiplicity of its attractions,

we wandered about the strange palace, within the precincts of which no less than three thousand people live at the present time. We were haunted by the personality of Diocletian, we longed to fathom the mystery of his retirement, of his death.

When we passed the Emperor's imposing sea front the following morning at five o'clock on our way to the boat, we paused a moment—for we were on foot—to gaze our last at the mighty structure and to speculate as to its future. What would become of it, should the expected Slavonic inroad take place, would it be wiped out together with all the historic past of the land?

We quitted it in sadness—it is always sad to quit great things—what sights it has seen, what sights it may still see!

I must not forget to mention our excursion to Traù, an oasis of perfect beauty in a land of bewildering incongruities.

Traù is Venice in miniature, surrounded by water, containing exquisite buildings, and possessed withal of that indefinable grace which Venice alone in her best days knew how to give. An Italian custodian showed us the treasures of his choice little cathedral; soft-eyed Italian women pointed out to us the Lion of St. Mark over gates and on doorways; everywhere there was charm and distinction, Venice without vulgarity, Venice, as she must once have been.

We had found a fourth star to add to our list of precious memories—the drive to Cetinje, the magical coast sail, Diocletian's Palace and now—Traù!

Salona, which we visited on our return, must be intensely interesting to antiquarians; it was, indeed, extremely interesting even to us—the sight of those early Christian tombs—so massive, so numerous, showing such evidence of love and care—was most impressive, not to say, moving. The primitive church seems nearer to us here than anywhere else in all the world, for here it is unencumbered by later additions—by later traditions; the early Christian burial ground is a direct survival, and as such makes a profound appeal to the imaginative beholder.

To all Christian creeds, Salona is of incalculable value, if it were more easily accessible, it would be thronged—just as Pompeii is thronged—with eager pilgrims. As it is, the ruins are visited by the learned and by the occasional Dalmatian tourist, but they are not over-run and thus their strange solemnity is maintained.

The following day we sailed from Spalato to Zara—a matter of some twelve hours, as we insisted on taking the slow coasting steamer in order to travel by daylight and also in order to have a few hours at Sebenico. The express boats go by

night and omit Sebenico, which we were not willing to do.

Our ship was primitive in the extreme, but the gruff Hungarian steward, who, at first, positively refused to give us breakfast, ended by doing his very best for our comfort—very characteristic—this—of his nation.

We had a wonderful sail among the islands, making frequent stops to let off and take on passengers and cargo. The day being a Festa, all the inhabitants of the remote little hamlets gathered at the boat landings, and thus we had a fine chance to see many different types and costumes—in fact, the whole trip was one long orgy of colour.

We reached Sebenico before noon and hastened at once to the cathedral, which is thought by many to be the finest in Dalmatia, it is assuredly the most original. Built entirely of stone and marble, a thing unique in Europe, the wonderful stone wagon roof is indeed world renowned.

On entering the beautifully carved north door, we found the building packed with people, the women were all dressed in black, and both men and women carried lighted tapers, even the children, of whom there were a great many, held small candles, with which they played between times, in true Italian fashion. In the centre of the nave there was a large catafalque draped in black and surrounded by kneeling attendants, who likewise held burning

tapers; from the raised choir monotonous chanting sounded; it was evidently a mass for the dead.

Our curiosity was keenly aroused, who could this person have been whose death had caused such grief to an entire town?

From our place we commanded the whole nave and we could therefore see the faces of the congregation, which were all turned in our direction, those of the women were for the most part convulsed with sorrow, though occasionally a face stood out by reason of its rapt faith and resignation. Every one in the church seemed to be praying with his or her whole soul, every one seemed to be intensely concerned in the service—personally concerned, as it were.

We remained motionless, fascinated by the scene, which harmonized so wonderfully with the venerable pile in which we found ourselves.

After the function, when the people had somewhat dispersed, we sought the sacristan and inquired eagerly for whom the mass had been said? He replied simply: "It was a mass for *all* the dead; we always have one on the last Friday of this month."

We left the church in a subdued mood, but also in one of comfort; to behold sincere faith in a vast multitude is always consoling not to say uplifting.

The harbour scenes at Sebenico were the most picturesque that we had yet seen—Italian sailors,

Eastern merchants, Croatian peasants, and mingled with them, the smart Austrian naval officers, for the harbour of Sebenico is one of the most valuable on the whole coast, being strongly fortified and very difficult of access. Sebenico, in short, received one of our double stars, along with the drive to Cetinje, the Dalmatian coast, Diocletian's Palace and Träu.

Zara seemed to us less remarkable, although the round church of San Donato, erected upon the ruins of Roman buildings, is positively blood-curdling to the imaginative beholder. The sight of the ancient columns, topsy turvy, overthrown, in mad confusion, as a foundation for a solid Christian edifice, suggests a nightmare. Surely, nothing like it has ever been seen by mortal eyes! That wilderness of fluted pillars lying on their sides in complete abandonment, and then, on top, the ancient church, which has stood since the ninth century.

We emerged into the air with dizzy heads—were the early Christians insane or merely mad with bigotry? Is it possible that such a foundation was deemed secure, and yet it has proved so, we remind ourselves wonderingly. One has often seen Christian churches, which were built on the site of heathen temples, but never where, as in the case of San Donato, the under structure was so uneven and wildly hazardous.

Another small coasting steamer took us from Zara to Fiume, with a stop at Arbe, that city of dreams. This trip was also extremely beautiful and Arbe is surely the loveliest of all Dalmatian towns. Perched on a rock, with her towers facing the sea, the little city presents a warlike front, as her walls are still intact.

Lovely Arbe, what will your fate be if the Slavs win in the coming struggle? The Italian element has already been systematically suppressed, that Latin culture, which has survived so many centuries. Whatever happens, we have seen you in all your beauty, and we have given you a place of honour in our cabinet of memories.

From Fiume we travelled by train to Buda-Pesth, another fine mountain journey through a region unknown to us. As gypsy lovers, we looked out eagerly for some of the tribe, but without definite success. The Hungarian peasants wear a rough white costume, their features differ markedly from those of other races; their faces are broad, with irregular noses and fine eyes, their beauty consists in vivid colouring and sprightly expression. Their manners are peculiar, very independent and apparently hostile to strangers, though we were assured that this was not really their intention, but that they had lived by themselves and were not used to foreign ways.

At Buda-Pesth we revelled frankly in creature

comforts; after our strenuous tour, it was perfect ecstasy to have a bathroom! We gave ourselves, nevertheless, very little leisure to enjoy our luxuries, for there was much to see and we were due in Vienna in a week.

We besieged the Gallery of Old Masters, where we found, besides many great pictures, a fragment of what we believed to be a real Giorgione; we attended a performance at the opera and witnessed a charming ballet, which was given to illustrate some of Schumann's Kinderscenen—very touching and tenderly poetic and a great relief to us after the exotic wildness of our recent experiences, for it seemed safe and sane and highly civilized.

Buda-Pesth, as a whole, interested us extremely, although it is too modern to fascinate by picturesqueness, but the town is splendidly situated and rich in public buildings, and the people are vigorous, intelligent and deeply patriotic. In time of need, I believe they would rally to a man, to serve their King and to defend their land from depredation. Have they not always been the outpost in a place of danger, and have they not sturdily held their own against continual Servian machinations?

I must mention one incident which had a sequel in Vienna. We went to the Royal Palace one day in order to visit the Queen Elisabeth Museum, and having examined the various souvenirs with sym-

pathetic interest, we having always been great admirers of the beautiful Empress, we happened to make a remark to that effect to one of the attendants, whereupon we were immediately conducted to a locked room, where the custodian told us, a number of other mementos were kept, which he would be glad to show us. Unlocking the door he ushered us into two large rooms, fitted with show cases and hung with numerous portraits. Left alone, we began to study the objects in the cases. One case was evidently devoted to books about the Empress. I gave a cry—*My Past* was among them! We scarcely believed our own eyes —how could that volume have found its way hither, a book by the notorious ex-Countess Larisch, the Empress's niece and protégeé, who had been banished from Austria by the Emperor for the part that she had played in Crown Prince Rudolf's affairs, and who, in revenge, many years later, had published this vile attack on her dead benefactress, slandering her as only those that have accepted benefits habitually, *can* slander! That this volume, officially forbidden in Austria, should have been placed in a museum, founded and maintained by the Empress's most devoted and loyal adherents (in Hungary her memory is revered as that of a saint), disturbed and perplexed us beyond words. We resolved to investigate the matter at all costs in Vienna.

Just before leaving the Hungarian capital, we drove to the Elisabeth Church, erected as a memorial to the dead Empress, and containing a life-sized statue of her in the vestibule. This statue represents her as coming down a flight of steps, and the effect, in the half light, is wonderfully natural, not to say, startling.

The only other monument that impressed us greatly at Buda-Pesth — that city of monuments—was that of the so-called Anonymus, the unknown chronicler of the Arpad period. It is a seated figure of a monk, with his cowl drawn over his head—a most mysterious, poetic figure, which might well serve as a pendant to that of the mysterious, tragic Empress.

Our journey to Vienna afforded us fine views of the Danube (that noble river which is so much less known than it deserves to be), and thus completed our splendid gallery of mental nature pictures, for until now we had seen no great river on our tour.

My mother recalled an earlier journey over this same road when we had travelled by the same train as the late Crown Prince Rudolf, and when, at every station between Vienna and Buda-Pesth, gypsy bands had played entrancingly in honour of the heir to the throne. We listened in vain for any gypsy music now.

On crossing the March, we bade farewell to the

land of the Magyars, that land of violent contrasts and national arrogance, but also the land of noble courage and chivalric devotion.

At Vienna we spent delightful weeks, hearing such music as only Vienna can produce. Our rooms overlooked the beautiful Ringstrasse, and we were never tired of watching the animated scene.

Vienna had been so dear to us for so long—so a part of ourselves—that like Venice, the mere sight of her happiness clutched at our heart-strings. Just as some people weep when they see exquisite dancing, so are we moved to tears by the gaiety of beloved places. There are cities and cities—some, we admire and respect, some we are interested in, a few we love. Vienna is one of these.

Meanwhile, we had not forgotten *My Past,* but we were hesitating as to the best course to pursue. We thought first of applying directly to the Emperor, but fortunately we relinquished this idea, addressing ourselves to Mme. de Ferenczy instead. This lady was for thirty-five years the Empress's reader and confidential companion, it was to her that her mistress entrusted her most precious bag of papers before she left Austria for the last time, so that after the assassination, Mme. de Ferenczy was immediately summoned to produce the bag, which she did, half dead with grief.

Whereupon, according to the precise directions, the bag was cut open in the presence of the Emperor, as no one had been allowed to have a key.

Knowing this lady's absolute devotion to the Empress's memory, we decided to put the case before her in writing. The response was instantaneous, and we then learned for the first time of the serious complication, which had hampered all action in connection with the libellous volume. The Emperor himself was not acquainted with its contents, no one had dared to tell him, fearing the effect on his heart and mind.

"It would kill him," the lady declared to us with a tragic gesture, "he could not bear it, if he knew that his queen had been so maligned!" She assured us, however, that everything possible should be done indirectly to effect the removal of the book from the museum—the Emperor, alone, could *order* it to be removed, for it was the Emperor who had given the money for the purchase of all works, which had been or should be written about his consort.

"Oh, won't you tell every one in your great, generous country that those stories are cruel, cruel slanders?" she cried with tears in her eyes. "Her Majesty was the best, the noblest lady!"

Her confidence in our powers of influence was touching, we could not bear to shake it. We

promised to do our utmost. At this she brightened and we parted as real friends.

Immediately after this came the news of the serious illness of the Emperor, an illness, which hung over Vienna like a heavy cloud for six long weeks. No one pretended to rally, the gloom was so universal that it was impossible to escape from it even if one had wanted to. The anxiety about the future was intense, as the Heir Apparent was not only unpopular, but a dark horse as well.

When the monarch was at length pronounced convalescent, the relief was so boundless that one could actually feel it like a heartbeat—a heartbeat of joy throughout the whole land. It convinced us, had we needed any such conviction, that the Emperor Francis Joseph is the most passionately-beloved of all living sovereigns. Trials he has had without number, unheard-of sorrows and disasters, but he has had one great possession—the love of his people—and of that possession no one can rob him—not Servians, not Russians, not even Socialists—that possession he will carry with him to his tomb.

On one of our last evenings in the imperial city, we went to the Burgtheater, that most precious stronghold of German culture in Austria, that bulwark against the insidious and ever-increasing advance of Slavic and Polish influences.

Two plays were given, *The Language of the Birds,* a poetic fantasy, introducing King Solomon as one of the characters and *Resurrection,* a modern comedy by Felix Salten. Both pieces were brilliantly acted, both gave much food for thought by reason of their piquant contrast of time and theme. As we strolled back to our hotel after the performance, which was over at the sensible hour of half past nine, my mother repeatedly complained that her cloak felt very heavy; she was wearing a plain black cloth garment with deep pockets, called most inappropriately the "Norma." We had reached the inner court of the venerable Hofburg, through which one always passes in order to shorten the distance, before we discovered that the bulky object in my mother's right hand pocket, which she had supposed to be a pair of opera glasses, was in reality a large pistol enclosed in a leather case!

We paused in consternation—my mother was wearing a gentleman's overcoat instead of her "Norma!" Upon examining the coat, we found that it belonged to Count Emerich Thun, a young naval officer, who next day, returned our "Norma" to us.

Thus was our last impression of the beloved Kaiserstadt, an impression strongly mingled of war and peace—the height of polished art at the conservative, fastidious court theatre and then a

large loaded pistol in the pocket of a member of the audience!

This picture of ourselves crossing Vienna at night, carrying formidable firearms, fitted in strangely with what has happened since.

Soon after this we attended another performance of special interest, which was given at the Dresden Opera house in honour of the great Russian barytone, Baklanoff—the opera was *Tosca.*

Although as a rule after leaving Vienna, we are not very keen for musical entertainments given elsewhere, yet on this occasion we determined to lay aside all scruples and to hear the performance. We were fully repaid, for the guest's Scarpia held us spellbound by its cleverness, its finish, its diabolical power. We shuddered, we admired, we succumbed; but underneath there was the horror of the Slavonic pressure. Baklanoff played on his audience at his pleasure—a great genius truly, but a brutal genius at bottom. His Scarpia was a masterpiece of characterization, but one longed to knock him down for his magnificent insolence.

The performance of the great Slav artist following so closely upon our adventure with Count Thun's pistol, seemed prophetic of what was to come.

At Franzensbad, Bohemia, where we made our annual iron cure, we passed a quiet month, bathing, drinking the springs, reading, resting and

walking; nothing disturbed our peace during this interval, indeed, I believe it was the strength we gained there that enabled us to endure subsequent miseries without collapsing.

Only one thing impressed us rather painfully—the immense increase of the Slavonic element since our last visit. We noticed that in the shops and on the street, Russian visitors were markedly predominant; the natives complained bitterly of the fact, saying that it was most injurious to the reputation of Franzensbad as an international bathplace. The Slavs on their part, as if conscious of these secret murmurs, increased their arrogance, which, indeed, was scarcely bearable even to the mere passer-by.

And just here, I wish to say that I am quite aware that the Slavonic nations have had cruel grievances, that they have been downtrodden, cheated and oppressed. Smetana's opera of *Dalibor* gives a moving picture of Slavonic sufferings and aspirations, and it is a picture which arouses sympathetic pity; nevertheless, if the Slavs should ever get the upper hand, I believe that it would be a sad day for civilization.

At the end of our Bohemian sojourn, the bloody deed of Sarajevo horrified the world. As we had so recently visited the fatal city, it came home to us with peculiar intensity. Servian cunning had, indeed, scored a great triumph. Luring the Arch-

duke's morganatic wife, herself a Slav by promises of imperial homage, which hitherto she had never been able to obtain, they caught both her and her husband in a trap—and what a trap! The details of it make gruesome reading. If the doomed pair had escaped from "the street of bomb throwers," and had reached the Konak, where they were to have lunched, there were bombs under the table and even in the clocks, if they had escaped these, on the way back to the station, bombs had been placed in overhanging boughs of trees. Had everything failed, elaborate arrangements had been made to wreck the train in which the unhappy couple would have had to travel on their return journey!

Our intuitions in regard to Sarajevo had certainly been verified, plots must have been positively seething when we were there—long-laid schemes for driving the Austrians from the country and for establishing Servian rule. The premeditated murder of the Archduke forced Austria to make reprisals, if she had not, she would have lost her own self respect, as well as that of the world. Knowing this, and with Russia to back her up, Servia played her cards and apparently won.

Let all those who blame Austria for taking the so-called initiative, consider what other countries would have done in her place. If Belgian con-

spirators had enticed the Prince of Wales into Ireland, knowing the chronic discontent there, and had then deliberately murdered him, and if the deed had been traced directly to Belgium, would England have listened to representations from the Powers that she should refrain from demanding satisfaction of Belgium? And if that satisfaction had been refused, would England have swallowed the insult or would she have declared war?

Take another instance. If Mexico, having invited his presence, had treacherously assassinated an American officer of high rank, would the United States have acceded to the wishes of foreign countries that the matter should be settled by diplomacy and not by force of arms?

It is very easy to accept the injuries done to other people, but when they are done to ourselves, the affair assumes a different colour. Austria chose the path of honour at the risk of possible destruction, any other course would have been unworthy of a great nation.

We left Franzensbad, saddened and uneasy, we feared the future for that Austria which was so dear to us. We dreaded the suffering which might come upon that kindly and gifted people, who had—high and low—added so much to our comfort and happiness all these many years. The golden heart of Vienna is proverbial—it had never failed us—and now was that heart to throb with

bitter anguish? Were all the treasures of art and industry which the Dual Monarchy had produced and was producing, to be jeopardized in the terrible struggle that was impending?

The peculiar charm—the peculiar gift of the Austrian peoples—is the fruit of centuries of cultivation grafted on great natural aptitude. The Austrians are to the Germans what the best kind of woman is to the strong man—gracious, sensitive, affectionate, deeply religious, highly endowed, at bottom, naive.

If this race should be overwhelmed by the Slavs, it would mean the sacrifice of what the world could ill afford to lose.

Bayreuth seemed another world, idyllic and yet intensely active; every one was working hard to reach the desired goal—in this case artistic perfection. It was German industry as contrasted with Austrian charm, though both coöperated most happily at the musical Mecca, for many Austrians were in the orchestra and among the singers. We were to attend the dress rehearsals and a few performances and then to proceed to England by slow stages.

As we were living at a little villa on the hill, near the theatre and also near the delightful forest, we felt justified in calling our Bayreuth sojourn an "after cure." We spent our mornings reading aloud in the woods and then at about a

quarter to four we would stroll up the shady path which separated us from the historic Festspielhaus. Having entered the building we straightway forgot that any other life existed outside!

Seated in the front row with fifteen empty places on either side of us, and two vacant rows behind for the exclusive use of Wagner's son, who, as stage manager, wished to see the scenes from all points of view, we drank in the life-giving music and feasted our eyes upon the wonderful effects of clouds, water, earth and magic fire. Sometimes, Dr. Muck would slip in at our extreme left, sometimes a musical assistant would station himself at our right, in order to judge of some difficult point. In the audience, which nearly filled the auditorium from the fifth row backwards, we noticed many familiar—not to say famous faces—among others, those of Humperdinck and Hauptmann and Dr. Schweninger, Bismarck's celebrated physician. Singers were there, too, by the score and conductors and teachers; almost every one, in fact, was either a trained musician or a person of eminence in some other line. The atmosphere was refreshingly professional, there was no ignorant applause, but there was keen appreciation of whatever was of the first order. Indeed, when the public performances began, there was a decided loss in the quality of the listeners, distinguished as many of them were.

We had, for example, the Kaiser's fourth son and his beautiful wife—Prince and Princess August Wilhelm—as near neighbours on the first day of the Ring. It was from this young man, the handsomest of the Prussian princes, that we received our first intimation of imminent danger.

The Austrian note to Servia and its outcome had, of course, created intense excitement at Bayreuth. Most of the Austrian artists left at once, including several members of the orchestra as well as our splendid Gurnemanz and a number of Hungarian noblemen. Still, the alarm was not general, people hoped that the conflict could be localized.

The Ring proceeded, there was no noticeable change in the audience, the English and American visitors seemed quite unconcerned. Near us sat a retired American diplomat, a man of long years' experience both in Germany and elsewhere. We tried to approach him on the subject of possible international complications, but he, too, refused to take the matter seriously.

Then, all of a sudden, something happened, which revealed to us in a flash the gravity of the situation. We were standing in the small, free space at the side of the house, waiting to take our seats, when our attention was attracted to Prince August Wilhelm. He had let the ladies of his party precede him to their places, while he had

stayed behind in a dark corner—unobserved, as he thought by anyone—in order to hold a private conversation with Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg. We could not, of course, overhear what they were saying, but we saw their expression, which startled us by its solemnity. Prince August Wilhelm, indeed, was quite transformed—the day before, he had been a bright, good-natured boy, today he was an anxious, stern-faced man.

With one of those intuitions which we have learned to follow implicitly, my mother instantly resolved to leave Bayreuth as soon as possible, sacrificing our remaining tickets, and travelling straight to England!

The next day we made all necessary arrangements, ordering our railway tickets to Charing Cross and drawing money at the bank. We were able to secure, besides German gold and paper, five English sovereigns, which as it turned out, were of inestimable value.

There was still no apprehension at Bayreuth, though the Prussian royalties had left the town that same night, and there was a rumour that several Bavarian regiments had already been despatched to the Polish frontier; we, ourselves, saw a mysterious Zeppelin, sailing majestically in the same direction.

The performance of Götterdämmerung passed off without incident—how that music haunted us

on our subsequent, terrible journey! With heavy hearts we bade farewell to the beloved building, where so many of our most glorious hours had been passed, we said a tearful good-bye also to the kind family with whom we lodged, all the members of which, including Hänsel the canary, were tried friends, then we drove down to the town, which was gayly beflagged in honour of the visit of a Bavarian prince; the Flying Dutchman was to be given that afternoon.

Even at the last moment, we questioned our decision, everything tempted us to remain in a place which we loved and where we were well known. After all, were we not rushing off at a tangent merely because of the expression on the face of one young man!

At the station, an old friend saw us off, a man in whom we had the greatest confidence. When we asked him to tell us frankly what he thought of the situation, he looked very grave and remarked: "Today, things seem more serious. But," he added, "I have the firm belief that our Emperor will hold war back until the last possible moment." We shared this belief to the full, had not Emperor William kept peace for twenty-six years?

We quitted Bayreuth on Friday, July 31st—since that day we have heard nothing from there, it is as if a thick black pall had fallen between us

and those we left behind—not a word, not a sign has reached us to show that they are even alive.

We gazed at the pretty Franconian country with troubled eyes, everything looked peaceful, but what might not a single day bring forth! If Russia was mobilizing, Germany would be obliged to do likewise—and that would mean war.

The Nuremberg station was full of people, but we did not notice anything extraordinary until we entered the restaurant. There we found every one reading small extra sheets, which were distributed gratis. I managed to get hold of one of these and to my horror read the fatal words: "Germany is in a state of threatening war, which is equivalent to a state of siege in Prussia. Frontiers, bridges and tunnels are to be immediately guarded. Traffic and mails will be greatly restricted, contrabands will be seized, etc., etc."

We glanced about the huge room, consternation was imprinted on many faces, we saw no elation anywhere, only quiet, gloomy resolution. The attitude was that of accepting the inevitable with resignation—that courage was there too, has been amply proved by events.

As for ourselves, we made our plans rapidly, we would travel straight to Cologne without stopping, sleep there, take up our registered luggage and continue our journey to England on the following morning. General mobilization had not

yet been announced, so that we might, by acting quickly, get ahead of the rush. That was our hope as we left Nuremburg after a wait of an hour, and in fact we did accomplish the greater part of the distance to Frankfort without interruption, but when we reached the outskirts of the latter city, we were detained for a long time without explanation. Finally we were told that it was because the troop trains were being hurried off to Metz. This was our first contact with martial law; there were patrols everywhere and order was rigidly maintained.

We descended from the train at Frankfort to find the spacious station literally crammed with excited people, tramping up and down and eagerly scanning the latest bulletins, which, during our five hours in the building, followed each other with ominous rapidity. All the through trains had already been discontinued and we were faced by the alternative of sleeping at Frankfort or of taking the 1:46 a. m. express for Flushing via Cologne—which was the only train for the north scheduled to leave that night.

We hesitated; we were extremely tired, it would mean waiting for hours in the crowded station, and even then, we might not be able to force our way into the train. Next day there might be a better chance. The temptation was strong to sleep at the neighbouring Englischerhof, where we

were known, and where we could enjoy comfort and quiet. We decided to consult the station-master. That weary official was frantically at work in his inner office, but on hearing our anxious questions, he paused a moment, gave us one look and then said: "I'd advise you to go at 1:46."

That settled it. Having fortified ourselves with what refreshments we could procure, we made our plan for storming the train. By dint of determined efforts, we succeeded finally in forcing our way through the gate to the line on which the Flushing express was expected to arrive. There, we saw masses of luggage piled up in heaps and guarded by soldiers; to our dismay, our five trunks were of the number! We realized in a flash that we must abandon all idea of their going with us—this was one of the hardest moments we had had to face. To relinquish even temporarily so much that was quite irreplaceable, required all the nerve that we could muster between us. If only we had not seen the precious trunks, if only we could have fancied that they had gone on to Cologne!

When the train came in, it was literally stormed, in five minutes there was not an inch of space unoccupied. Following an inspiration, we made for one of the sleeping cars, judging rightly that the majority of travellers would besiege the day coaches. After a fearful struggle, we managed to mount the steps, dragging our small luggage with

us, and sitting down on it in the corridor. There we sat or rather crouched for the rest of the night, in the narrow passage outside the sleeping compartments. A kind lady gave us a cushion from her bed, but the polyglot Belgian porter made things as difficult for us as he possibly could, demanding money for allowing us to sit on the floor, and resorting to various petty tyrannies which were very hard to endure.

There were a good many American girls in the car, mostly travelling alone and without available money. Their distress was pitiable indeed, they were bound for Holland, as being the nearest neutral county. We heard afterwards that the Dutch had treated all foreigners very badly.

I shall never forget that journey down the Rhine, first by moonlight and then by dawn. Closely wedged in as we were against the low windows, we commanded an uninterrupted view of the historic river. The wonderful mobilization had proceeded apace; by this time, a few hours after the first official announcement, not only were the troops massed at the frontiers, but every tunnel, every bridge, every signal station on the entire route, was guarded by soldiers. It was as if they had sprung up by magic; in the morning there had been no sign of military activity, at night, Germany was fully armed and under martial law from end to end. A button had been

touched at Berlin and behold, the vast machinery had moved without a hitch. It was terrible, and yet it was magnificent, the triumph of organization working as a nation which had been taught to obey from the cradle, a nation, moreover, in whom the sense of duty has always been supreme, and who would shrink from no sacrifice which would benefit the beloved Fatherland.

As we passed each dear, familiar, place—Mayence and Bingen, the Loreley rocks and all the castles—it seemed like some horrible dream, for everything looked so peaceful by the dim light, and all the while, those other Rhine scenes and that Rhine music of the Götterdämmerung, floated before our eyes and sounded in our ears—could anything be more symbolic, more prophetic of danger than just that work! It was strange that this year for the first time, it had been our last performance, hitherto, we had always avoided leaving after it. We gazed at the ghostly river with dim eyes, was it, too, to be overwhelmed by disaster? Hagen's cry—"Need—Need is here!" echoed insistently in our ears. Likewise Brünnhilde's "Eid und Meineid—Müssige Acht."

Was Wagner's nation—the nation of Goethe and Beethoven and of all the great scientists, who had laboured so patiently for the good of mankind—was this highly-civilized, progressive country—this country of domestic virtue and of in-

tellectual preëminence—was this land—this Germany of our hearts to plunge desperately into destruction, and were all the other kingdoms of the earth to band together against her? Already, her two most formidable neighbours were in a state of war with her, and in her dangerous situation—between two fires—her only chance lay in precipitate action. This we realized and yet our souls were sick within us.

At Cologne, where we arrived, much exhausted at seven a. m., we drove directly to Cook's office, which, however, was closed. We then went to the Hotel du Nord, but on the way thither, I jumped out of the carriage, in order to read one of the large proclamations which were posted up everywhere. The fourth clause stated that all strangers must leave Cologne within twenty-four hours of arrival unless they could show satisfactory reason for their presence. This greatly increased our growing panic. We hurried to the hotel to consult our old friend the hall porter, who had a record of thirty-five years' service in the same situation. He told us that the ten a. m. express for Ostende was sure to run. Again we wavered, the hotel seemed quiet and safe, we were sorely in need of sleep, moreover, by remaining in Cologne for twenty-four hours, we might possibly recover our lost luggage.

We decided to make one more visit to Cook's

office; we found it still shut, but we waited in front with some other harassed travellers until at last the iron shutters were partly raised. We crawled in to find one Englishman in charge. He was in a high state of nervous excitement, absolutely refusing to do anything for us, and saying that he expected to close the establishment that afternoon.

We left the office in much dejection, for the first time in all our long experience, Cook had failed us! No doubt, it was from necessity, nevertheless, it caused consternation not only to us but to many others.

We hastened back to the hotel, passing the great cathedral for the third time that morning. We longed to step inside for a moment in search of strength if not of comfort. Eleven years before, we had attended a service there in memory of Pope Leo XIII, then lately dead. It had been most impressive in the dusk, with the lights of the nave looking like funeral torches. We little thought that anxious morning that another Pope would so soon be gathered to his fathers—the good Pius X, whom we had known and loved as Patriarch of Venice.

Meanwhile, our time was growing fearfully short, if we were to catch the ten o'clock express for Ostende, as we had reluctantly decided to do. We gave our precious luggage ticket to the old

porter, with urgent instructions to get our trunks at the earliest possible moment and lock them up at the hotel, whereupon, with heavy hearts, we took our departure. Germany had seemed safe, Germany had treated us kindly, we were leaving behind us many dear friends of long years' standing, we were cutting ourselves off from much that made a part of our life; we were also abandoning our luggage—which was a calamity in itself. Nevertheless there was something that drove us on.

We left Cologne at the scheduled hour, everything seemed as usual except that there was no dining-car and no chance of buying provisions. The passengers this time were mostly English people; in our compartment were two ladies from London with whom we travelled most of the way to Ostende. There was both gain and loss in this—gain, because a party of four is more impressive than one or two—loss, because in great emergencies, each person must have keen wits and quickness of action; and these ladies, although very agreeable and speaking both French and German fluently, lacked decision, which was absolutely essential if we were to come through in safety. It is just as important to know what *not* to ask as what to ask; questions must be carefully considered and then hurled out with determination to have any chance of success at such

a moment. Any meandering is fatal in dealing with officials, especially in Belgium, where they seemed to enjoy misleading one as much as possible.

All went well until Herbesthal, the German frontier, where we received an imperative summons to alight, as no train was going through, we should have to walk to Verviers! We did so by a circuitous route, in the broiling sun, weighed down by our hand luggage. It was a small consolation to us to see that no trunks could have been taken. We tramped through endless streets in a straggling procession, if we had been blindfolded, we could not have been more confused as to our direction. After a rapid walk of three-quarters of an hour, we reached Verviers, where we were fairly pushed into a small train, which started off almost before we could throw ourselves and our hand bags into it. Thus began our mad rush through Belgium.

We travelled third-class most of the way, there were no guards, no porters, it was as much as one's life was worth to accomplish the frequent changes and not be left behind. No one would tell us where to go, no one would carry our hand luggage. At Liége, where we changed carriages for the third time, a whole row of idle men stood and laughed at us as we attempted to transport our belongings from one train to the other—no

money tempted them, no appeals roused their pity, we spoke in French naturally, but they jeered at us openly. One man remarked, "You have plenty of time to lose your train!" Finally, utterly fagged and unstrung after the unexpected insults that we had received, we reached Brussels, where, in spite of deliberate attempts to put us wrong, we managed to catch the express for Ostende.

As we traversed the well-known route to the sea—that route which we had traversed countless times in careless ease, it seemed like a dream that we were actually fleeing!

I read the name Dilbeek on one of the smaller stations not far beyond Brussels and it flashed across my mind that a Belgian school friend of mine had invited us to visit her there on our way to England. This, too, seemed quite like a dream, though I had received the letter but two weeks before. And here we were, whirling by in frantic haste towards the coast, while my friend, whose fine castle I was not to see, was probably in mortal anxiety.

We thought, too, with concern, of Van Dyck, the only other Belgian in whom we were particularly interested—the greatest of Parsifals, the most courteous of gentlemen.

At Ostende, where we arrived at six p. m., we were told that a boat would cross to Dover prob-

ably about midnight, as it had to wait for trains from all directions. Thankful at least to have gained the coast, we waited anxiously, not leaving the Maritime Station for a single moment. At the ticket office when we applied for a private cabin, we saw the ominous notice posted up that the German frontier was already closed. This gave us of course a severe shock, for it meant that all communication with Germany and Austria was cut off—we could not hear from our friends perhaps for months—we could not write to them. At this moment our distress of mind was acute. Had we done right to get out in such haste, without our luggage and at such a cost to our nerves?

We had not lost consciousness for an instant since we started and it was now almost a necessity to get a few hours' sleep. All the private cabins, we found, had been sold twice over, so to speak, but knowing the Ostende boats as we did, we knew that there was one *cabine de luxe,* which, as most of the refugees possessed no spare money, might possibly be still available. Producing our precious store of English gold, we offered to pay it out if that cabin could be ours. To our joy, the man agreed to reserve it for us, and thus encouraged, we got through the hours until eleven p. m., when we were allowed to go on board.

My mother lay down immediately and slept for an hour, while I sat at the door of our large cir-

cular cabin and watched the passengers assemble. There were many schoolgirls and English families with nurses and babies, and American tourists and nondescript youths. They came and came in ever increasing numbers—it was like a vast flight and gave one a sense of panic. The sailors brought more and more deck chairs, more and more luggage was piled on, and still the stream of people continued. There was almost no sound, the silence was uncanny, I could see the smooth Ostende beach stretching out dimly in the distance.

I witnessed many partings that night—one struck me especially. A group of young men—whether English or Belgians, I could not determine—stood in a large circle, very solemnly, while one after the other of them appeared to make a kind of speech, then half of the number came on board the boat, while the other half remained on shore in gloomy resignation.

The passage across to England was weird beyond words—between snatches of sleep, we would start up to find our cabin flooded with light. Our boat, which went out in complete blackness, was almost constantly the target of powerful searchlights from other vessels. Once I caught sight of a splendid ship, brilliantly illuminated from bow to stern—a phantom ship, it seemed to me, for I was dazed with sleep. Fear of mines haunt-

ed us whenever we awoke, when we slept, we dreamed of huge armoured cruisers bearing down on us. It was a night never to be forgotten, like the preceding one on the Rhine.

We entered Dover harbour at four a. m. We could distinguish the familiar landmarks—the white cliffs, the castle, the Admiralty Pier—Dover had always been a favourite stopping-place of ours, and therefore it looked homelike even at this unearthly hour and under these abnormal conditions. We hastily swallowed a cup of coffee, and then took one of the waiting trains for London together with our seven hundred companions, who by daylight looked still more hunted than they had by night. As for ourselves, we felt a hundred years old.

As we rushed through the lovely English country, in spite of our great fatigue, we were, somehow, a little comforted. Here were no military patrols, the line was not guarded, everything looked serene and undisturbed. When we reached our small London hotel, this sense of tranquility was still further strengthened. We were conducted to the apartment that had been reserved for us—a charming third-floor facing dear old Cork street—and in this retreat we remained for more than two weeks, scarcely venturing out except to do necessary shopping, since—almost before we could get our breath after our

terrible journey—England had declared war upon Germany!

From that moment our misery was increased fourfold. That England and Germany should be at each other's throats, was positive agony to us, we could rejoice at no victory which would lay either nation low, it was a brothers' fight—a hideous, horrible mistake! England and Germany belonged together by every tradition, by every dictate of expediency as well as of good feeling. That the two foremost civilizing countries should be striving against each other—England fighting for Servia and Russia, and Germany waging a desperate war against a hundred enemies—that England, I say (for I will not believe that Germany would ever have attacked her), should have allowed herself to be involved in such a struggle—with such allies—was almost more than we—as friends of both—had the strength to endure.

I know that England was in a serious condition, that civil war threatened, that there was trouble in many quarters—I know also that it was hoped a war would unite the nation—as it did—but at what a cost!

Hatred had to be stirred up against Germany—a hatred that already existed to a certain extent and that was chiefly caused by envy of German enterprise, of German commercial success which

interfered with British sea trade, that had hitherto reigned supreme.

As careful observers of both countries during many years, we have come to the conclusion that the chief difference between their methods of business and the chief advantage on Germany's side, is her infinite capacity for taking pains. Germany almost never loses a customer because of carelessness or lack of effort; England frequently loses one, owing to her indifference—her certainty of superiority. In the long run, this counts heavily against her, in spite of the fact that she has always possessed the immense advantage of attracting people irresistibly to her. Americans and Germans particularly, have clung to her with almost pathetic devotion, the Kaiser, himself, has hankered after her, as have his sons. We, ourselves, saw two of them last summer paying an incognito visit to Edinburgh, and their delight—their real enthusiasm was most striking. English literature, English history, English cathedrals—where can these be matched and who loves them better than the intelligent foreigner? But let him beware of cherishing the idea that he is really at home there, for in that case, he will inevitably be made to feel the iron barrier which separates the born Britisher from the alien, however sympathetic, and this applies to the American as well as to the German.

The English, as a rule, have no real affection for any other nation—not even for America, though they treat Americans with great consideration—herein lies their strength and their weakness. They are deeply patriotic, they see but one side, they are not tormented by divided allegiance in any sphere, they know that they have had a great past, that they have noble traditions to sustain, they are convinced that no other traditions are half so noble, and, on the whole, the world agrees with them. But they will not bear a word of criticism, they are intensely proud, intolerant and obstinate, they like their ease, they are not hard workers, moreover, their constitutional shyness makes it very difficult for them to recover lost ground. And yet, we go on loving them—we, of the alien nations—or rather, we love their adorable country, which tugs at our very heartstrings! Where else are there such churches, such private places, such gardens, such entrancing walks between hedges? What other country has produced a Shakespeare, a Burke, a Walter Scott—oh, beloved England, may you live forever.

But not that England which we saw on the second of August and afterwards—that strange, distorted England of Asquith-Kitchener creation.

A strict censorship had been placed upon the press, which consequently printed nothing but the most inflammatory articles against

Germany. False reports were circulated by the leading papers, we could hardly glance out of our windows without catching sight of sickening head-lines, such as these: "Forty-Five Thousand Germans Slaughtered Before Liége;" "Two Whole Battalions of Austrians Completely Wiped Out!"

In short, the noble English press, hitherto our pride and delight, had suddenly turned into a monster of unfairness and bloodthirstiness.

All this was done, of course, in order to raise recruits, and at first the public was deluded and cocksure of speedy victory; by degrees, however, their spirit changed and before we left, it was painful to see their dejection. We were in touch with many different classes—bankers, professional men, trades people, etc.—all old friends. They did not seem until the very end to realize their danger, they underrated their enemy owing to the persistent misrepresentations of the newspapers. I could not help feeling that it had been particularly easy to deceive the English, because as a people, they had been used to the truth. Lies had always been obnoxious to them, fair play had been one of their dearest traditions. Lord Kitchener's tactics, therefore, which no doubt were necessary in this emergency, were accepted at first in good faith, but when subsequently, they were found out, a serious reaction set in. There

was no more elation over the immediate extermination of Germany, there was no more talk about giving the Kaiser a lesson. People were intensely anxious and depressed, it was felt that England was in the face of a stupendous danger. And not only that; it was felt—and the feeling was expressed repeatedly to us in words—that even if Germany and Austria should be crushed, there would be Russia to reckon with. It was realized too late that Germany, with all her faults (to English eyes), was yet a safer and more civilized neighbour than the Empire of the Czar. For centuries, Germany and Austria had been the bulwark against the Slavs, if that bulwark were removed, France and England would have to assume the burden that Germany and Austria had borne for so long.

To distract our minds during these weeks of waiting which seemed interminable to us, we tried various expedients. Our first choice would have been the National Gallery, for there we might have found temporary solace with our beloved pictures, but the National Gallery was closed in consequence of Suffragette outrages. We therefore visited the Royal Academy, which, to our surprise, was still open. We were anxious to see Sargent's portrait of Mr. Henry James, about which we had heard so many conflicting opinions. We had a faint hope that the novelist's kindly smile—that

smile which we had known so well for so long—might give us heart at this fearful crisis. The portrait was said to be life-like, in which case, the smile would be there. It was not there, however; instead, the expression was one of intense mental and physical suffering. We turned away in keen disappointment, this was not our old friend, this was a stranger, whom we did not know even by name.

Another day, we drove out to Cricklewood to visit the Home of Rest for Horses to which my mother had contributed. This proved, indeed, a Home of Rest to us, since for the first time since that dreadful 31st of July, we were able to get our minds off the war. We fed the happy animals with apples and sugar, and examined their comfortable retreat with real pleasure. My mother's particular favourite was called Max, and his great accomplishment was that of ringing the bell for meals. I liked Lord Wolseley's old charger, a pensioner for life, but they were all dears. As they stretched their intelligent heads out of the windows of their loose boxes—whole rows of heads—we forgot everything in our delight. We were not allowed to leave, however, without one sinister reminder of the war, we heard from a groom, namely, that three horses had been shot the night before.

"To save them from being seized for the

service,'' the man explained and we turned away, shuddering.

At length the unhappy London days came to an end through the kindness of our nearest male relatives, who, by a piece of good fortune which was almost incredible, chanced to be in England for the first time in many years. They gave us one of their cabins on the *Olympic,* which was finally announced to sail on August 22d. We did not get off, however, until the morning of the 23d, owing to the sudden departure of a large troop ship, which had to have the right of way. It made us actually ill to look at the smart British soldiers and to think of what might be in store for them!

This was our last sight of that England which had been a second home to us for so many happy years, and, like our farewells to Austria and Germany, it cost us bitter pangs—pangs which the non-traveller cannot in the least understand.

The voyage, although devoid of alarming incidents, was, nevertheless, horribly uncanny. Everything was closed soon after four, blinds were drawn, iron shutters were pulled down, and even behind these, the electric lamps on deck were carefully darkened. Not a ray of light escaped from the great liner except what was absolutely necessary for navigation.

Meanwhile, behind the darkened portholes, most

of the passengers indulged in their accustomed pleasures; they played cards, danced and flirted as if there had been no such thing as war either on land or at sea. The women arrayed themselves in costly dresses of the most extreme fashion, the men encouraged them in this, and went on betting on the run; together, they danced the tango in the saloons and even on deck; in short, they behaved, in our opinion, with revolting flippancy considering the tragic circumstances. And not only that—by persistently ignoring the agony of a whole continent, as well as our own actual danger, and by pursuing their petty pastimes in the face of these things, they missed an experience that could scarcely be duplicated.

The great ship, closely shrouded and muffled, rushing along in the darkness like some blinded creature, conscious of threatening danger and straining every nerve to avoid it; the horrible wireless messages telling of death and disaster constantly intercepted, the feeling that however swiftly we were travelling, we could not escape from the immense misery that we had left behind us—all this and much more that is inexpressible was suggested by the voyage.

But the majority of the passengers failed to see it—their motto seemed to be:

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined."

When we reached shore, our thankfulness was

beyond all words, even the dock looked beautiful to us, and the custom house officers, instead of being enemies, became real friends. They treated us with the most sympathetic courtesy.

As we drove across the city and finally passed under the great Metropolitan tower, we drew a long breath of relief; humanly speaking, we were in safety at last after one whole month of continual anxiety, for unlike most Americans, we had not felt secure in England. It had been one long agony, and now we were home again, far away from the terrible fighting, beyond the reach of hostile cruisers or airships, though not beyond the reach—alas!—of sickening heartache for all the suffering multitudes in stricken Europe!

In the course of the last month we had been forced to leap many difficult hurdles; the first was the making up our minds to leave Bayreuth, the second, our decision to abandon our luggage, the third, our reluctant, final departure from Germany, which involved breaking off all communication with many beloved friends. Hurdle after hurdle in rapid succession confronted us in London—difficulties about money, serious problems in regard to necessary medicine from Paris, innumerable desperate complications in connection with our lost luggage—and over and above all these, there was the dreadful hurdle of the English hatred against Germany. We surmounted

these obstacles with what courage and skill we could muster; then came the voyage, which was one huge hurdle in itself.

Having leapt it, we drew, as I said a long breath—no more hurdles now, only rest and whatever peace we could hope for. But we were mistaken; in the midst of inspiring tokens of faithful love with which our friends literally enveloped us the instant we touched American soil, we beheld, looming up ominously in front of us, a cruel hurdle—the last, but perhaps the worst of all. The American press had taken the English point of view, it vied with England, indeed, in vilifying Germany and the Germans. Receiving no direct news at first, except through English channels, it had, as a body, accepted the English version unconditionally. Germany and Germany only was blamed, all other belligerants were praised and believed in to the fullest extent. Belgians, Russians, French and Servians were brave and disinterested; Germans, on the other hand, were treacherous and brutal. Atrocities were reported as having been committed solely by the Germans, whereas the Allies were given a clean sheet in every respect. The Kaiser was responsible for all the bloodshed, the other European rulers were noble, peace-loving individuals.

Utterly exhausted and sick at heart, we gazed at this last hurdle—had we the strength to at-

tempt it? A great wave of homesickness swept over us; for the first time, we seriously questioned our decision, had we remained in Germany we could at least have avoided this conflict, a conflict with friends, most of whom would inevitably follow the lead of the press. What could we do against so many, what would our voice avail in this roar of hostility? We decided to retreat to our beloved Pomeroy Place, it would shelter us, it would comfort us, under its old roof we could rest.

But no, we could not rest there either, for even in the peaceful village we were surrounded by the same determined hostility, the same preconceived opinion was held almost universally, the same ignorance existed of anything but the one side.

In desperation, I seized my pen, one feeble protest I would make on Germany's behalf.

Americans are proverbially fair-minded, they do not follow the lead of any land—not even that of England—with blind confidence. Let them reflect upon Germany's record, her intellectual eminence, her splendid part in helping suffering humanity, her music, which has inspired and comforted thousands in all lands, her poetry, which for depth and tenderness can scarcely be surpassed, her science and philosophy, her enlightened system of hygienics, her fine mercantile marine, which has carried so many of us safely across the ocean, her

gallant army, which is not daunted by a whole world of enemies, her patient professors, who have laboured so unselfishly for the good of all mankind, her skilled and honest artisans, than whom there is not a finer class of men anywhere, her great artists in all lines, who have added so much to the joy of nations, finally, her princes, who from the Emperor to the obscurest ruler of the tiniest principality, are distinguished among European royalties for their culture, their devotion to duty, their clean lives.

And now consider, are all these people scoundrels—are they liars and brutes, are they enemies of progress?

Is it not conceivable that there may be another side?

CLARE BENEDICT,
Pomeroy Place, Cooperstown, New York

APPENDIX

Well Treated in Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

SIR: We wish to state in the most positive and public way possible that during our entire journey from Bayreuth, Bavaria, to Herbesthal, the German frontier, we met with nothing but kindness and courtesy from the officials, the people, and our German fellow-travellers. The only bad treatment we met with occurred in Belgium. As we were two ladies alone, without influence, and as we left Bayreuth on the very day war was declared, this testimony may help to convince all fair-minded Americans that the Germans are not brutes and ruffians.

CLARA WOOLSON BENEDICT.
CLARE BENEDICT.

Cooperstown, N. Y., September 4.

From the New York Evening Post of September 12th, 1914.

A Human Note from Bavaria

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

SIR: The enclosed cards, which have just reached me, are from a merchant in Bavaria with whom we have lodged for a number of seasons, while attending the Bayreuth festivals. On our departure from there this year, a few hours before war was declared, we asked our landlord to forward to our London address German newspapers containing accounts of the subsequent musical performances, which he promised to do. Needless to say, we received none of them, owing to the immediate closing of the German frontier.

It seems to me very touching the way in which this man—even in the midst of his own great anxiety, has patiently tried to do what I asked him—not once but twice—remembering the American address when the English one failed. It seems to me also to show what admirable order must

prevail in Germany at the present crisis that newspapers and cards of no value should have been returned to this obscure merchant within a month of their having been dispatched, and at a time when the postal service must have been seriously crippled and short-handed.

CLARE BENEDICT.

Cooperstown, N. Y., September 24.

(*Translation.*)

Bayreuth, Aug. 3rd.

Ladies worthy of love:

In the hope that you have reached London safely, I have to-day entrusted to the post the desired printed matter (2 Berlin and 2 Bayreuth newspapers). It was almost impossible to send them, but upon inquiry I find that the post to England is still open.

Because of the supervening war conditions, the Wagner festival had to cease entirely, which caused great loss. The hour of fate has struck for Germany. God grant that we may live through this heavy time and that we may reach victory.

With the heartiest greetings,

OSCAR, ANNA, WALTER, HETZEL, GODMOTHER LUTZ, AND THE CANARY BIRD, HANSEL.

Bayreuth, Sept. 5, 1914.

Honored Ladies:

As you will see from the enclosed post card, everything forwarded to London, as you requested (newspapers, etc.), has come back here. [In reality nothing went beyond the German frontier. The newspapers and card were returned to Herr Hetzel from the German Post Office] and I now inquire politely of you whether I shall still send them there? In any case, we should be very glad to receive a sign of life from you, so that we may know how you are and how you reached home.

Unfortunately the gauntlet of challenge has been thrown down before the German people. Without hesitation, we picked it up and now we are fighting for our people, and fatherland, for house and hearth, for wife and child. My brother—as First Lieutenant—is leader of a company in the enemy's land. With best greetings,

OSCAR AND ANNA, HETZEL, GODMOTHER AND WALTER.

From the New York Evening Post of October 3rd, 1914.

Bruno Urban, His Story

HE LOOKS AFTER TRUNKS EVEN IN WAR TIME

And this Is by Way of Acknowledgment, That the Old German Porter at the Hotel du Nord, in Cologne, Fulfilled His Word in the Unimportant Matter of Lost Baggage.

[Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., October 9.—Bruno Urban, who is a hotel porter in Cologne, is one of those persons who sees no difference in his job in peace or in war. Whether Bruno Urban kept on looking after trunks after millions of men had marched to battle, doesn't seem to matter much, relatively, in the news from Europe. But Bruno's story is worth the telling, just to keep the record straight.

Clare Benedict, now safe here, reached Cologne on the morning of August 1. War had been declared. Bruno Urban was looking after trunks at the Hôtel du Nord, as always. Briefly, Miss Benedict finally got safely to the United States, without her trunks, and after two months she has heard from Bruno.

"We reached Cologne at seven o'clock," Miss Benedict said, "after a terrible night spent on the floor of the car, together with hundreds of other refugees. We were advised by the railway officials to proceed immediately on our journey to England, without waiting for our luggage, which we knew had been detained at Frankfort, owing to the general movement of the troops toward the frontiers.

"With only a few minutes in which to make up our minds, we decided to entrust our precious luggage tickets to the old hall porter of the Hôtel du Nord, whom we had known casually for a good many years. This porter, Bruno Urban by name, promised to get our trunks from the station as soon as they should arrive, and to keep them locked up at the hotel until they could be sent to England. He also promised to send us word the very moment that he secured the luggage.

WAR IS DECLARED.

"When, however, three days later, England's declaration of war upon Germany made all communication with Cologne impossible, we realized that our trust in Bruno Urban's integrity would indeed be put to the test. Officials of the

London forwarding agency filled our minds with horrible doubts—no, not exactly doubts, for we clung to our faith in Urban—but their suggestions gave us many wakeful nights. They said, for instance, that, as we had not had time to speak to the United States Consul or even to the proprietor of the Hôtel du Nord, Bruno Urban, being in sole possession of the luggage ticket, might without danger of detection sell or otherwise dispose of the valuable effects in our trunks and then declare—should any one ever turn up to claim the luggage—that he had never received it. Another suggestion was that Urban might empty our trunks of their contents and substitute worthless things of the same weight.

"In short, the English prejudice against the Germans—even in this unimportant matter—was so determined that it took all our resolution to induce them to accept a small reward for Urban to be given to him by the courier whom they intended eventually to send out to collect the luggage.

"Then followed our voyage to America. We heard nothing from Cologne in spite of repeated inquiries on our part.

"Our hearts began to sink, not so much because of the probable loss of much that was absolutely irreplaceable, but rather because of the dreadful blow to our confidence in Bruno Urban. We had staked much on Germany's truth and honor; we had stood up for her boldly in the face of overwhelming hostility. In the great stress of our feeling, it seemed to us that this man—Bruno Urban—stood for Germany, that Germany which was being so bitterly assailed by the sister nations, and especially by England.

"When, therefore, the following communications finally reached us, their very simplicity put us to shame. Urban had kept his promise to us as a matter of course, and had then done his best to relieve our anxiety. When his two postcards were returned to him stamped 'Not transmitted owing to state of war,' he had then waited until a chance offered itself of sending us a letter by hand, nor is there in his three simple epistles so much as a hint of any trouble experienced by him in the carrying out of our instructions. He makes no bid for reward, he takes no advantage of the extraordinary circumstances. 'Bruno Urban, Porter, Hôtel du Nord,'—those words remain in my grateful memory."

The communications from Bruno Urban were as follows:

Postcard No. 1:

Aug. 2d, 1914.

I beg to inform you that I have taken in my possession

four pieces of your luggage, and hope to get the other one in *shortest* time as possible.

Yours very respectfully,
Bruno Urban.

Postcard No. 2 was:

Cologne,
5 August, 1914.

I am very glad to be able to inform you that I have been able to take your five trunks into my keeping at the Hôtel du Nord.

As soon as any route is open, I will send you the same at once. Should your address be changed, please let me know of it is as soon as possible.

Respectfully,
Bruno Urban.

The letter was as follows:

Cologne, 10 Sept., 1914.

Very honored Lady!

I have an opportunity to send you this letter by Mr. T. K. Wilmerding, from America, for, as you will see from the enclosed postcards that they were not sent on.

I am very glad that I could get your trunks and take them in my charge. I will await your decision, until there may be a chance to send you the trunks in the quickest way.

Respectfully!
Bruno Urban.

Porter, Hôtel du Nord.

From the New York Evening Post of October 10th, 1914.

A Word for the German-Americans

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

Sir: A veritable avalanche of sympathy, both practical and sentimental, has been poured upon the Belgian sufferers; almost as much has been showered upon the French; the English have received their full share to overflowing; even the Russians have not been forgotten. There is one class of sufferers, however, who, as far as I know, have

received nothing but cold looks and scarcely veiled hostility. I mean that company of native-born Germans and those of German parentage who have made this country their home, in some instances for many years, and who, nevertheless, cannot forget the land of their extraction.

These people, to be sure, have not been exposed to physical suffering, but they have suffered mentally in a way that few Americans stop to realize. Their position, since the outbreak of the war, has been indeed a very cruel one; they have been forced to hear their country defamed on every side; they have hardly been able to glance at a newspaper without seeing insulting headlines; they have found themselves, in short. through no fault of their own, outcasts in a hitherto friendly country, suspected characters, merely because they belonged to the great German nation.

It happens that during the past two months I have been in rather close touch with many of the so-called German-Americans—with university professors, men of science, artists, lawyers, musicians, sea captains, teachers, merchants, men of leisure—and their attitude has been uniformly dignified, though absolutely despairing. Some of them have been made physically ill by the atmosphere of bitter hostility; others have gone to work desperately to combat a thousand slanders; others again have retreated within themselves, cut to the heart by the unexpected and unaccountable defection of old friends. This terrible war will have on its conscience, besides the larger crimes, the very real if smaller one of having broken up countless cherished friendships, of having wiped out as it were with a great black sponge all sense of gratitude, all memories of a united past.

As I am of the small company of Americans of English descent who sympathize most heartily with Germany and Austria in their gallant struggle, I can appreciate from actual personal experience the real agony of spirit that our German and Austrian citizens have been called upon to endure, and in my opinion they have exhibited splendid mettle. In spite of all risks as to their future standing in the community, in spite of (in many cases) serious financial difficulties, they have, almost without exception, supported their fatherland manfully, using the only weapons at their command, the pen and the pamphlet, and spending their money with truly reckless liberality. They stand practically alone, just as Germany stands alone, but like Germany they maintain an undaunted front. Who of us would have liked them better had they denied their fatherland; who of us does not admire them for their courage? I for one wish to

pay them my tribute of profound admiration. It seems to me that we can ill afford to lose such citizens.

CLARE BENEDICT.

Cooperstown, N. Y., October 31.

From the New York Evening Post of November 7th, 1914.

The Kaiser

An American Woman's Tribute to a Great Personality.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: The personality of the German Emperor is so compelling, the one really great personality among the European combatants, that one can easily imagine both the relief and consternation which even his temporary withdrawal from the scene of action would produce in the opposing camps.

And is not this the moment to speak a word of sympathy and admiration for the man who, in spite of an indomitable will and an inherited belief in his own mission, must have his hours of intense dejection and sickness of heart? The world, outside of the two German speaking countries, hates him; looks upon him, indeed, as a tyrant, an evildoer, the chief instigator of this cruel, unspeakable war. To a highly intelligent, proud and sensitive man like the Emperor William, this hatred, so unexpected, and from the German point of view, so undeserved, must have been extremely hard to bear added to all else that he has had to endure, even if with characteristic gallantry he refuses to admit that the wound hurts.

And now another enemy attacks him, this time not one of the seven nations, but an older enemy still, disease. Should the Emperor die at this crisis there would inevitably be a revulsion of feeling in his favor on the part of his enemies, and he would receive, dead, that post-mortem praise which so many people love to bestow on those whom in life they have abused.

May I, as an American who has lived much in Germany and who knows and loves the country and the people, pronounce my small word of praise for the Emperor William while he still lives?

CLARE BENEDICT.

New York, December 10.

From the New York Sun of December 11th, 1914.

Christmas Gratitude to Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: In the midst of this persistent vilification of everything German, the Kaiser, the Government, the army, the professors, the mode of thinking, may I point out that there is one German practice which we should be very loath to relinquish; I mean that of the Christmas tree. This charming custom, so deeply rooted in the poetic fancy of the Germanic people, was introduced into England by the late Prince Consort, and having received the seal of English approval, soon passed over to America, where it has remained ever since to the pleasure of all concerned.

This will be a tragic Christmas for the inhabitants of the fatherland, but I doubt not that trees, large and small, will be lighted as usual in every household, even if countless beloved faces are absent from the family circles.

Can we not, at least on Christmas Eve, give a grateful thought to the nation which has added so much to the joys of childhood by its fairy tales, its Santa Claus and its Christmas trees?

CLARE BENEDICT.

New York, December 24.

From the New York Sun of December 25th, 1914.

On a Little Portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph

Purchased at the German Charity Bazaar.

We saw it at the German Charity Bazaar, and no sooner had we seen it than a great longing seized us to possess it. This longing drew us back irresistibly to the remote stall where it was exhibited—a little gilt-framed aquarelle, but touched with the unmistakable touch of life.

So lifelike was it, indeed, that when presently we put it in the place of honour on our mantelpiece (for we trusted no one except ourselves to carry home our newly acquired treasure), the impression was overwhelming. Involuntarily, we lowered our voices—was the dear old Emperor actually with us? Could he hear our smothered exclamations?

The picture, which represents him in profile, wearing his military cap and well-known uniform, must have been done at some fortunate moment when the monarch was either looking at or listening to something that pleased him, for the wrinkles about the kind old eyes denote that the smile is not far off, the alert figure almost moves—in short, the thing is a little masterpiece!

As we gaze at it by every light and from every possible point of view, recollections throng upon us of those countless occasions when, in his brilliant Vienna and elsewhere, we have seen those same wrinkles preceding a smile or the same characteristic droop of the head—that head which has held itself so gallantly for eighty-four difficult years! We recall exhibitions of modern pictures where the Emperor made the rounds patiently, inquiring about each artist with courteous and never-failing interest; or concerts, where, although not musical himself, he listened, nevertheless, with painstaking attention. Or again how often have we seen him at great military functions or driving to and from his beloved Schönbruun—and always there was the same punctilious and yet kindly response to the jubilant salutations of his people.

Other memories steal upon us of the brave face set with suffering, but these darker memories have no part in our little portrait, which positively throws out radiance and that serene wisdom which distinguishes the best kind of old age.

Without doubt this picture belonged to some one who loved it dearly, the frame is not new and there are indications that it has hung on some wall for a long time. Probably it is one of those obscure yet heroic sacrifices of which the Austro-German Bazaar could show so many—where people have presented their very best without a word—without a thought of applause.

At least, dear giver, be assured that your little picture has found in us devoted worshippers, we appreciate its real artistic qualities, we know and love the gracious original, above all, we admire the real self-abnegation, with which, having once possessed such a treasure, you could—even for the best of causes—have parted with it to a stranger!

CLARE BENEDICT.

From the New York Staats-Zeitung of January 11th, 1915.

Francis Joseph to the Austrian Children

The Aged Emperor's Letter Asking the Prayers of the Innocent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: At a moment when all Austrian hearts are beating with anxiety, when the gallant and prolonged defence of Przemysl has, according to Petrograd, at last been beaten down and the fair Austrian country is perhaps exposed to the savage inroads of the Cossacks, may I, as a sincere and deeply attached friend of Austria-Hungary, offer to my country people a translation of the beautiful and touching letter which the Emperor Francis Joseph recently addressed to the children of his lands? Perhaps, as the aged monarch seems to think, the prayers of the innocent may preserve the country from all danger. That this may indeed be so is the heartfelt wish of

CLARE BENEDICT.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., March 23.

Translation of the Emperor Francis Joseph's Letter.

To the Dear Children of Our Empire: If, on the threshold of the grave and in such a serious hour, I turn to you, beloved children, it is for more than one reason. Once you were the joy, the consolation—yes, often in the darkest moments of my long life the only consolation and the only joy—of your Emperor-King. When I saw you, a sunbeam fell once again across the shadow of my existence. It is you, children, who are nearest to the heart of your Emperor-King, the flowers of my kingdom, the ornament of my peoples, the blessing of the future.

But it is not only to your Emperor-King that you are nearest, but to One before Whom the mightiest of this world are helpless creatures, God our Lord. In your eyes the light of the creation morn still shines, about you is still Paradise—is still Heaven. God is all powerful, in His hand lies the fate of all peoples. Everything bows to His will, by Him the stars and mankind are directed. That this almighty hand of God may guard and keep Austria-Hungary, giving her the victory over her many enemies and strengthening her in victory to the honor and glory of God—this is the only wish which remains to me after a life rich in

calamity. It was my wish when I ascended the throne of my fathers—so young and full of hope—it will be the wish which perhaps will soon be on my dying lips as the last word of love and care for my realm and for my people.

May God direct all things as He wills, we human beings can do nothing without Him. As you, dear children, stand nearest to God, your Emperor-King begs you to pray that He may bless us and bestow His grace upon our cause. God grants the prayers of innocence, because He loves it, He recognizes in it His own image. Therefore cease not to pray with clasped hands, you little ones and you smallest ones of all.

If the children of the realm pray for their Fatherland, I know that all will be well with our star. Then you will have a part in the day of victory and honor of the Empire. You have called down the blessing upon our colors, upon our army.

Dear children, do not forget the empire to which—on earth—you belong, or its old Emperor.

From the New York Sun of March 24, 1915.

Exploits of the German Sea Rovers Recall the Tales of Cooper

HOW COOPER WOULD HAVE APPRECIATED THE GERMAN SEA ROVERS

To the Editor of The Evening Post—Sir: As a great-grandniece of James Fenimore Cooper, I should like to pay a tribute to the gallant and rapidly diminishing company of German sea rovers—the brilliant Emden, the intrepid little Dresden, the mysterious Karlsruhe, the ingenious Prinz Eitel Friedrich, not to mention Admiral von Spee's heroic and ill-fated cruisers. The daring and skill of their commanders would have appealed strongly to Cooper, for nothing was so dear to his heart as a ship fighting against heavy odds, and yet maintaining an undaunted front. These so-called sea raiders have undubitably fulfilled both conditions, and their exploits have awakened in all romantic—and may I not say in all chivalrous?—minds feeling of sincere sympathy and admiration.

As an American, who loves the sea and ships, and as a great-grandniece of one who has described them with per-

haps unequalled skill and spirit, it gives me great pleasure to express, however inadequately, my personal appreciation of what seems to me a very notable page in marine history. I take the more pleasure in so doing because I know that Germany has always been extremely fond of Cooper's works, and by this I do not mean the well-known love of German school-boys for the "Leatherstocking Tales," but I refer more especially to the loving and discriminating study of his works by German scholars of eminence. From two of these gentlemen I have myself recently received striking proof of the truth of my assertion. Allow me to quote from their own words:

"The Travel Sketches which grew out of Cooper's European sojourn have always had for me the greatest possible value as sources of history, for they present conditions which have long since passed away, and the pictures of these conditions possess not only actuality, but absolute authenticity. What a contrast, for instance, when I visited the large Lorraine quarter of the town of Berne and recalled that Cooper had known it as one single country estate, while the bridges across the Aare had not even been dreamed of. Cooper made all his journeys by carriage, in the same luxurious fashion as Byron had done shortly before. The persons whom the celebrated American learned to know represent likewise a bygone age, and for that very reason it is the more instructive to read what he relates of Louis Philippe and his family in France or of Grand Duke Leopold II of Tuscany and Napoleon's mother and brothers and sisters. In comparing Cooper's Travel Sketches with the Travel Sketches of Washington Irving, one would, without doubt, concede greater swing and deeper poetic intuition to those of the latter author, but, on the other hand, Cooper invariably gives us truthful and vivid descriptions, which once read recur again and again to the mind, just as do the world-famous novels."

It may be of interest to add that the writer of these lines, Prof. Friedrich Nippold, a renowned theologian and a scholar of European fame, has founded the American part of his "Handbook of Ecclesiastical History" on the religious opinions of Cooper, which are to be found everywhere scattered through his works.

Herr Rudolf Drescher, another Cooper student and disciple, writes me as follows:

"To Fenimore Cooper I owe so very much, innumerable pleasant and delightful hours, reading and studying his books, which I have done from my earliest youth until now, the age of forty-five. His religious and moral point of view

gave me a direction, having been a guide to me throughout my life. His works are my best friends; again and again I range in spirit with dear old Natty Bumppo, the unequalled Leatherstocking (whose silent laugh I seem to hear), and his red and white companions through the woods, or I am ashore and afloat with Miles Wallingford, or I have the sweetest female companion in the mental presence of charming Lucy Hardinge, one of the noblest, loveliest, and purest female characters in the literature of the whole world."

CLARE BENEDICT.

Lakewood, N. J., March 22.

From the New York Evening Post of March 27, 1915.

Germany's Spirit of Sacrifice

England's declared intention of starving out Germany has naturally caused grave anxiety—not to say distress of mind—among the friends of Germany in this country. But there is another side to the picture, in which the friends of Germany, of whom I am one, can take the greatest pleasure and comfort. I mean the spectacle of the heroic and laborious efforts of the German people to avert national disaster in the shape of actual or threatening starvation. I feel sure that this will prove one of the most wonderful and wholly admirable chapters in the history of the European conflict. One thinks of the countless precious flower-gardens, which will be turned, without a sigh, into vegetable patches; of the wild and stony moorlands, which will be patiently converted into tilled ground; of the ingenious and persevering economics and contrivances by means of which the devoted housewives of the Fatherland will manage still farther to reduce their consumption of war luxuries, already so carefully regulated.

Everything will be done systematically and with due regard for the needs of the weak and ailing; nothing will be left to chance, every one will cheerfully acquiesce in the sacrifices which must be made literally, by everyone. I do not believe that there will be a single murmur, for amid the contradictions and confusions of conflicting diplomatic contentions, one thing stands out clearly, now and for all time, namely the magnificent and absolutely undaunted spirit of the entire German people.

CLARE BENEDICT.

From the Richmond Crucible of April 3rd, 1915.

Human Stories of Emperor Wilhelm II of Germany

STORIES OF THE MAN WILHELM II

To the Editor of The Evening Post—Sir: A very human story about the German Emperor has just reached me, the authenticity of which is vouched for by an American friend of high standing, who is residing at present in Germany. This friend heard the tale from the brother of the officer who witnessed the incident. The story is as follows:

During a recent visit of the Emperor William to a military hospital in Poland, he noticed that a screen had been drawn round one of the beds. He inquired the reason. "Your Majesty, a man is dying," was the reply. Whereupon the Emperor went in at once and kneeling down said a prayer, after which he rose and took the soldier in his arms and held him there until he died. The expression on the face of the private was very beautiful. His last words were: "It is a joy to die in the arms of my beloved Kaiser!" The Emperor then asked about the man's people, and wrote everything down, in order to communicate with them.

The officer who accompanied the Kaiser told my informant that the Emperor was wearing himself out by just this sort of thing, and that he was looking very old and tired. So much for this latest story, which seems to me very characteristic and touching, the more so, perhaps, because it vividly recalls to my mind another story about the Emperor William—so similar and yet so widely different!

This earlier story was told to me immediately after the death of Queen Victoria by an English acquaintance, who had special opportunities for observation. When the old Queen lay dying at Osborne House, her last hours were disturbed by distressing discomfort and hallucinations. No one seemed to know what to do for her, until finally her grandson, the Emperor William, taking the initiative from which the Queen's children appeared to shrink, placed himself beside his grandmother on the bed, and held her in his arms until she died.

The Queen of England and the common soldier—an interesting parallel, as well as an eloquent testimony to the wide range of the Kaiser's sympathies.

Clare Benedict.

Lakewood, N. J., April 7.

From the New York Evening Post of April 10th, 1915.

Office of Strategic Services